

Dear Journal - by Lana

The Start From #### ##### 9/10/1940

DO NOT READ.....Please

If you find this, leave it or return it to the proper owner. If you do keep reading this, well ok then. It's not like I can stop you.

Dear journal: It's the 10th of September 1940, I'm in London, the capital city of the United Kingdom. And the Blitz (as it will be called) just started on the 7th. It's my 3rd day here. So to keep some kind of pattern or record so I don't go crazy; I'm going to start writing in the notebook and this old pencil I picked up in the rumble a day ago. Three days ago I got sent here. I say this because where I come from the year is 2024. This is happening, I'm really in the past. As well to maybe get an idea of what's going on I'm going to write what is happening. It should help, right?

So what happened was one afternoon I and my mom were cleaning and looking at old family trinkets like food recipes, pictures, and old drawings and my mom left for a second to grab more pictures from her room as I sat there surrounded by these old trinkets. After she

leaves I find this old dirty little box that was about the size of a book covered in dust and not thinking too much about it I open it. The next thing I knew I heard this really loud alarm that turned into a siren sound a second later, they seemed right next to my ear. As well I start feeling dizzy like I'm falling through the sky. So I start to curl up dragging my knees close to me while I cover my ear dropping that little box. When I drop the box, the sirens sound farther away still there, still loud just not right in my ears. When I try to see with water in my eyes everything is dark I can't see. I start blinking and rubbing my eyes. As I wait for my sight to come back. I can hear other people and the sirens but I can't see anything. I do this for a couple of minutes and start turning my head when I hear movement. When my eyes finally get used to what just happened I'm right in a city with that old-looking style that looks so detailed. But I still don't know what is happening with the sirens still going off. But right in front of me is that dirty little box.

I also saw a group of people running to what looked like a really old train station underground. I look down at myself and see I'm in a completely different outfit. I'm wearing an old style of clothes: a light gray square-shouldered jacket, with a white shirt tucked in the same shade of gray trousers and some shoes that I found out are called Oxford. They are leather tie-up shoes with tiny heels. My hair is also up in a tight bun. After I see this I look up and just I stand there looking around to where I'm at, just in shock. I don't remember

much about what I was thinking besides just how old everything was. It looked like those old movies but in real life with color. I also didn't realize the three new bags were with me. As I was processing all this I felt a hand on my shoulder and I jumped forward and turned.

I see this woman who looks in a blue dress and with a hairstyle I think is called victory rolls. She started to yell with a hint of distress in her tone to "hurry up." She had this really strong British accent and waved at me to follow. She was going where a group of panic-stricken people were going to the underground. The sirens were still going strong and seeing all the people I decided to follow. Which does seem the safest to just follow but I didn't know what was going on and everything was loud. But there were ancient-looking policemen around as well. The woman was with a man. They both were side-eyeing me with a worrying look in their eyes, as we and the other people went underground. People were lying all over the dirty floor, on the train tracks and there was the train stop that had people in it as well, and with little room between them, it was like the world's worst sleepover.

After looking around I found a good space and the woman and man took a place next to me so I put my stuff down and sat down. They kept looking at me but their eyes were filled with pity. I didn't know how to feel about that. There were hundreds, maybe even thousands, there (not sprinkles but people). A while later policemen sealed everything up. It was all cozy. I remember taking a lot of breaths and trying to understand what was happening. As I was

doing that I realized many things such as: I had two bags filled with things, everyone had a British accent, we were all wearing vintage clothes, everyone looked very old with their styles to me and everyone was terrified. But I got the most info: two guys sitting and talking not too far from me. As well as a little from the lady and man from before.

They discussed very important things such as the air raid that was going on because Hitler ordered the Germans to bomb Great Britain. So what is happening is I'm in the UK, I'm taking cover because bombs are about to be dropped, I'm in World War Two during the blitz. Journal if you don't know what the blitz is: it's when Germany bombed the British every night and sometimes day as well so the British army wouldn't recover after the fall of France and surrender. But Great Britain will not and this will last 57 days and nights, great. As I just sat there taking shallow breaths trying to stay calm while my heart hammered against my ribcage and the world felt like it was filled with dread.

The woman before started talking to me again, giving me an escape from my reality. As I turned to look at her for my spot on the ground where I would be sleeping. She told me her and the man's names are Linda and James and how they've been married for years. How their son is fighting in this war. Then she started asking me questions like what my name was. Why did I take so long? Where's my family? Why did I grab that box? But I didn't know how to answer and could I? With my accent being different from theirs, how would

they take it? I didn't even know I grabbed the box for some reason. But I didn't want to risk it so I tried to give them a small smile. I don't know if it showed up or not. I didn't feel like smiling and I shrugged my shoulders and turned away once again.

As I sat there feeling detached I remembered I had three bags that I had no idea about. There might be something in them that tells me what is going on or something that will help me. I looked around to make sure no one was looking at me and thankfully everyone I could see looked like they were in their world of stress or taking care of their family or friends. I pulled the black box closer to me. After looking at it for a few seconds I opened hoping it would take me home. But when I did there was nothing in it and nothing happened. I felt my eyes water but I shook my head, put it down, and looked at my stuff.

Two smaller ones don't weigh much and the big one on my back feels like it was filled with rocks. I opened the smaller one that weighed less first. It had nothing, just my luck and it looked like one of those really old handbags made with this light brown leather and there's one good chance it was. The second smaller one had a gas mask. Thank god something useful! Also, the bag seemed made to hold it in a light yellow-tan color. But then a thought went into my head, should I have this? Would it make me look weird for having it? What if I have something in the big bag that I shouldn't have now? So I started looking at people's bags and suitcases from afar. From the outside everything matched and I started to see

people who looked like they had the gas mask bag as well so far so good just have to check the last bag. It had many things not just from this time but my time as well. Like the food, water, clothes, hygiene things, money I don't know how to use, and bedding. Something comes with a note: that the object is from my time and I should not be caught with them. Some of them were this helpful straw that will help clean my water, packs of wipes to stay clean I guess, Min first aid kit don't know why I have to hide this but I will and a Pocket knife no one wants to see a kid with a weapon but I have something to protect myself and my stuff.

I set up the bedding and sat on it while looking through the rest. The bedding wasn't much, just a dark green sleeping bag that matched everything else. I wasn't sure about the other thing but it didn't have a note. It was like that folding bed that is used for camping. People near me started to look at me with irritation but Linda and James looked with confusion. As quickly as everyone looked they looked away. I hope they think I'm some rich kid or something and no one's mad at me. I still take up as much room as before. But I do have a lot of stuff. Hopefully, nothing bad happens to me or my stuff, please.

But right as I finished looking through what now my stuff the ground above started to burst with a series of noises and vibrations. It has started. Bombs were now being dropped. The thundering noises lasted for two hours. I sat on my "new bed" curled up. I was nauseous and

tense. I had cold hands and was taking rapid breaths. Besides the blustering and booming noises from outside the underground was almost silent beside the sound of breathing, crying, and whispering. It wasn't till a while later that we were allowed to leave. I put on my gas mask, same with most people I saw; just in case. The outside was covered in ashes and debris. As I walked with wide eyes as I looked around at destruction I never saw with my own eyes. Right then I decide I need to survive, I need to seem as if I belong and I need to make it to the end, not getting lost in my head.

The next two days were the same. But I got a plan when it's late afternoon; I went to the underground so I don't get hit with the bombs. I started helping out with Linda and James when I could and they started helping me at times. I still tried to not talk much and when I did with an accent. For anyone who heard it, I am so sorry you didn't deserve it. During the day I looked around the remains with other people. I didn't know what we were looking for. Some were looking for people to help or they were looking for stuff. I worry about water though I'm starting to run low and food but with food, I will be good for a little bit more. I hope for the best for everyone.

Day 6

Dear journal: I walk around during the day Germany hits every night and sometimes during the day too. The sound has been constant. I want it to stop. Linda and James have been

helpful to say at least. To know more about this time, how to act, and what I can do. I hate going for a walk. The thing I see haunts me. This place looks like a ghost town. There is almost no light besides the sun at times. But it is for good reason so Germany doesn't have a target or know where people are hiding. London is slowly getting destroyed every night. If this keeps happening and it will, there might not be anything left after this is all over. Not all a lot has been happening today besides what happened at night but I need to get more food. Till next time I write, journal.

Day 34???

Dear journal: Sorry I haven't written in the last couple of days. I think it's the 34th day I don't know for sure though. I have lost count and the reason I can't go back and count is because I couldn't write for a little bit and I have lost some of the journal pages that I write on. But If I did the math right. So what has happened in the last couple of days? Well kinda joined a group the ARP (Air Raid Precautions). I don't know their age limit but I said I'm 18 years old (the age I'm going with) with just a young face. I was able to join ARP through the Women's Voluntary Service which was set up in 1938 to let women participate. The reason women could do this is because so many men were set out for war so they needed more help. So they let women do a "man job" and because of this women could hold positions of power. But they mostly did fire watching, giving refreshments from the mobile canteens, they also

provided washing facilities, and lastly broke the news to the loved ones of the dead. In a couple of years, this will not be allowed once again but now it is. But thank god for the washing facilities.

A while later I was talking with Linda, not James he got set out which surprised me because of how old he looked and was. I hope he makes it back safely. But with how old he is... I hope Linda will be fine. She has been helping as well but mostly with the washing facilities but so have I when I am not looking around.

Also to get more money I have been selling tea that I could get my hands on. I know what you think but you don't understand. Tea was listed as one of the top five purchases of World War II. The weight of purchases of tea alone could be more than the purchased weight of artillery shells and explosives. For the Blitz tea was of so great importance that during the bombing of London, one of the German attack's main targets was Mincing Lane, which was also known as the street of tea. So good money at times. I used the money I got from this for food and clothes or any other thing I needed.

Linda got hurt a while ago too. Because of how bad the fire was getting. She went up and warned the warden (the bosses of ARP they put out fires) and as she left she got burned on her arm. It took up the skin from her shoulder to her elbow. It was swollen and appeared red with a few blisters here and there. As I saw this I started to feel dizzy but I had to help her

or get her to help this I gave her my cold drinking water to pour on it. Just so it doesn't hurt as bad. Then I put her unharmed around my shoulder as we started walking her to the meds. I stayed with her till she got help. When she got help I gave her some burn cream that was in my first aid kit and told her how to use it. She sat in the underground where we got a space for ourselves and our stuff, not too big but it was space.

After that, I walked out to clear up my mind leaving her behind to watch our things. This was the last walk of the day till I went to the "underground" or the "tube". As I come to the shattered remains of an old house as I was about to leave my eyes see the shine of something in the rumble. What I see when I move the rumble is a simple golden necklace. I put it up to the sun looking at it before putting it in my handbag filled with other knick knacks and the black box that never leaves even if I throw it. So it has something going on with it but It won't take me home for whatever reason.

Then the sound of the air raids went off. Which shouldn't be happening. The Germans hit every night except for the first day. But today they are attacking in the daytime once more. The piercing noise of a continuous note warned me of the coming danger. As I made a break to the underground. In the distance, I heard the deafening sound of bombs being dropped coming closer. One of the bombs sounding much closer hit an already destroyed house but bursting out of the rumble a share of the wreckage shot out at rapid speed and grazed my

leg. But full of adrenaline I didn't know. Soon I got to safety where Linda was. Then she pointed out the cut in my leg. That's when I felt a sudden and intense spike of pain in my leg. It didn't look bad, just the size of a finger but very shallow. Linda started pouring water on it to clean it with her good arm, telling me to go to the doctor. But then I turned and grabbed my bag that held the first aid kit. After cleaning it I made sure nothing was in it and wrapped it with bandages with the help from Linda who was still telling us to get help. I smiled at her and told her if she needed it to just ask. Then I covered myself with my sleeping bag and went to sleep.

The next day, I and Linda used each other for support to see what was happening outside. It was a gruesome sight. People running all over trying to take care of others the best they could. People cried from pain as others took care of them. A little down the road white sheets covered multiple bodies as families looked for their loved ones. Linda's face was green, mine mostly was too. It makes me ill. This is not the first time I have seen this chaos. but It is never less nauseous and frail.

May 10-11, 1941 last day

I was sleeping when the sound of the bombs being dropped. Everyone around me started to wake up if they already hadn't. This was surprising to me being for nights we have heard these and gotten used to their sound. But I soon realized why there was more and it

sounded all over. The fear of the station was not lost. People started to pray while others cried. The fear the station was going to fall like a part of it did a few kilometers up. The sound of breaking and creaking of the tube of the land above us did not help. The land above erupts with a blast. Boom after Boom as me and Linda sat by each other holding our breaths.

For what could be hours they finally stopped. There was an eerie silent hit as people packed up their things. Linda went up to say how she felt like this was the end. I agree It felt like it was over. As well left the underground to see nothing. It was as if everything had turned to dust. As I turned to look at Linda the little black box that was now in my hands had opened up.

As if it was going in reverse, the feeling of falling with loud sirens to sitting on the ground with the sound of wind blowing past. As I looked around in my hands I saw the black box with my journal covered in dust. It was filled with everything I wrote for the past months. But then I heard someone walking. I looked up with a shocked expression and wide eyes right in front of me was my mom. She had the pictures with her. When she saw me she asked what was wrong. As I looked around It seemed that no longer than a couple of minutes had passed for them. I smile at her. I got back home, I'm safe. But soon a bigger thought went through my head. How did this happen? What happened to the people I met and everything

I did in the past? What would be the butterfly effect or did this always happen? My mom once again asks what's wrong and gets closer to me. I shake my head, clearing my head. Then I look into her eyes as I hold up the journal to her. It's all over now I'm safe.